

# THE LOWELL OFFERING AND MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1842.

## FACTORY BLOSSOMS FOR QUEEN VICTORIA.

LADY, accept the humble flowers  
Which now I tender thee;  
They bloomed not in Parnassian bowers,  
Nor on some classic tree.

Amid the granite rocks they grew  
Of a far-distant land;  
Ne'er were they bathed in Grecian dew,  
Or watched by sylphic hand.

This claims no place amid the wreaths  
Which often strew thy way;  
Simple the fragrance which it breathes,  
*A factory girl's bouquet.*

But deem me not, when it meets your sight,  
Wanting in courtesy—  
This stubborn Yankee pen wont write,  
YOUR GRACIOUS MAJESTY.

And yet thy throne I've ever deemed  
A nucleus of light;  
All earthly grandeur to me seemed  
Around thee clustering bright.

I've marked thy course since I was told,  
That, 'neath Old England's sky,  
A princess dwelt, about as old,  
Or nearly so, as I.

For in my childhood's days, I loved  
To hear of kings and queens;  
My infant fancy quickly moved  
At grand and novel scenes.

There's one, whose memory still on earth  
By my fond heart is shrined,  
For wisdom, beauty, knowledge, worth,  
In her were all combined.

I wept to think, that one like her,  
So soon, to Death, must bow;  
And oft the query would recur,  
"Have they a Charlotte now?"

I often strove, with mental glance,  
To scan the youthful maid,  
Who o'er that cold form must advance,  
And rule where she'd have swayed.

The day I watched so many bless,  
Which made the girl a queen;  
I saw the plain black mourning dress,  
The simple pelerine.

The tearful eye, the modest mein,  
Distinctly were portrayed,  
Thou surely in that hour wert seen  
In purest charms arrayed.

I marked the pageant, long and proud,  
When thou, in dazzling sheen,  
Surrounded by a brilliant crowd,  
Wert crowned Britannia's queen.

And, lady, never, since that hour,  
Could I forget that queen;  
But ah, in all of regal power,  
The woman's seldom seen.

I read of wars, so vast and proud—  
Say, are they always just?  
Are those whose necks thy warriors bowed,  
Those who *should* kiss the dust.

I read of those by wrongs oppressed  
Beneath a woman's sway:  
Lady, could not thy kind behest  
Change their sad lot? Oh, say!

Methinks thou art not ruler there;  
I see the statesman's guile;  
In all that speaks of regal care,  
There's diplomatic wile.

Lady, this would not be, but then  
Amidst this care and strife,  
The youthful queen has also been  
A mother, and a wife.



Yes, like some faint and tiny star  
Set in a darkling sky,  
I've watched the brilliant orb afar  
Whose fires were flashing high;

I've seen another join it there,  
And forth, in orbit bright,  
They grandly rolled in upper air,  
Changing to day the night.

And little stars have since appeared,  
The cluster there to grace;  
The primal orb is more endeared,  
As new ones take their place.

Oh, lady, from the far-obscure  
I'd send one little ray,  
Hoping that, should its light be pure,  
'T would aid the dawning day.

Mayhap, so feeble is its strength,  
The way so void and far,  
That, wheresoe'er it rests at length,  
Its light may seem to mar.

But if the least orbs of the night  
Could cluster o'er the sun,  
The disc, which now is not all bright,  
Might be a spotless one.

Even thus the factory girl may say  
What others leave unsaid;  
And, lady, read for this, I pray,  
What, else, would not be read.

Smile not, as at some maniac's word,  
Though speech like mine be strange;  
Advice, I know, is seldom heard  
Where supple courtiers range.

But I would have thee change thy state—  
Courts should such change allow;  
And, lady, what might once be great,  
May not be greatness now.

There's better far than pomp or state  
To claim a sovereign's care—  
Goodness should always make her great,  
And kindness makes her fair.

Let oft thy words repeated be—  
Traced once in lines of light—  
"Speak to me not of policy,  
But tell me, is it right?"

Kneel oft, and beg the boon of Heaven,  
 For which the wise king sought;  
 Wisdom, in being asked, is given—  
 Blessing with prayer is fraught.

Oft think of those, the poor and vile,  
 Whom misery leads to crime;  
 Of those who live for ceaseless toil,  
 And spend for thee life's prime;

Of those to whom their tears are drink—  
 From misery's cup they 're fed;  
 Mother, look on *thy* babes, and think,  
 If *they* should cry for bread.

Oh, use for *these* thy sceptre well,  
 For these let laws be made,  
 And future lands and times shall tell,  
 "T was thus Victoria swayed."

And thou hast won the brightest fame,  
 When all shall say, with smiles,  
 And blessings on Victoria's name,  
 "A WOMAN rules the isles."

But I must bid thee now, farewell;  
 Yet, ere I cease my lay,  
 One strain shall still my rude song swell,  
 For thy loved ones I'd pray.

Oh, may thy children ever be  
 All even thou couldst ask—  
 Prepared, whate'er of life they see—  
 Ready, whate'er its task.

And if that land should e'er refuse  
 The royal yoke to wear,  
 Oh, may they each such portion choose,  
 That heavenly crowns they'll wear.

Blessings on him who calls thee bride—  
 Blessings, Young Queen, on you;  
 Whatever fate shall ye betide,  
 May each prove kind and true.

Lady, on earth we ne'er can meet;  
 But when, in death, we're laid,  
 Proud England's Queen, perhaps, may greet  
*The Lowell factory maid.*

H. F.



## FIRST EFFORTS OF GENIUS.

WE have often heard it remarked, that the childhood of remarkable and distinguished persons was not indicative of the mental superiority, which, in maturer years, became their conspicuous characteristic. We remember, in particular, a lad whose youth was almost stupid; and who often was designated by the appellation of "fool." But the flint of an accidental circumstance elicited the fire of his genius, and he awoke to a knowledge of his own power and peculiar calling, and afterwards became a most distinguished painter.

We do not advance our position, to prove that stupid children must of necessity possess a latent genius, but to demonstrate, that precocity of talent in childhood, is not the only and true criterion to decide what may be the future eminence of the embryo germ of intellect.

We well know, that our own good mother had many an anxious and fearful doubt, in our infancy and childhood, that we should never possess passable sense and intellect; and the result of added years has proved, that if we did not possess "a soft spot in our head" at our birth, we have not, at least, been so unfortunate as to have one grow there since that event.

The very position in which we appear before you, dear reader, in the present instance, is proof, that the stupidity of our childhood is not the leading trait of our womanhood. Amid a bevy of the gifted and talented, we have been solicited to contribute an article for "THE OFFERING;" but note: we were not asked for a sensible one—not for one instructive—not for a scientific dissertation—not for one evincing mere talent, but for an *amusing* one. And it is a well-established fact, that it is the greatest *wit* who acts the part of the *clown* in the play.

Hence, it will be apparent, whether we succeed in the part assigned us or not, we, at least, are wonderfully well-satisfied that it has been given us.

At first, we were somewhat at a loss to decide what kind of spice would be most acceptable to the public palate. High-seasoned dishes are condemned universally, by the whole *materia medica*, as deleterious to the human system. The "human system" comprehends mental as well as physical organization; and we certainly would not be injurious, even if it were not our *forte* to be beneficial to the well-being of our fellow-creatures.

From these conscientious preliminaries, it may be well-understood, that we do not intend our "*nonsense*" to the injury of any. Somebody, wiser than we are, has said,

"A little nonsense, now and then,  
Is relished by the wisest men."

The nerve that is always strained to its extension, must lose its power; and the man who is always wise and sensible, must be a man of grief: for, mark, it hath been recorded by one wise, that "in much wisdom, is much grief."

But, here is sufficient of the "why and because."

In our dilemma for materials for our funny article, we bethought ourself—not of our brain—but of Aunt Hatty's private portfolio, which she keeps hung up in a great green bag. That is the receptacle of the curious and unique; of things not for the prying eye of curiosity; of mementoes of the past. In fact, it is a museum of rare thoughts and productions. It contains

many of her first efforts; and not only hers, but, I should judge from their quaintness, many that have been produced by other pens.

But we have possessed ourself of the bag of treasures—not by leave, but—but—because we took it: and now for the contents.

Ah, here is her first effort at rhyme. But, before we can give it you, we must introduce another character: for, as it is said, “love begets love,” in this case, it appears, rhyme begat rhyme. The specimens are not of one, but of two, who have since proved themselves geniuses.

Charles Mason first appeared, in the town from whence my aunt originated, in the character of a “country school-master.” That he had been born, was evident from the fact of his being; but the particular circumstances attending that event, I am unable to detail, as they have never come to my knowledge. At the time of his *debut* as a school-master, he was a young gentleman, eighteen or nineteen years of age; and had already commenced the study of the legal profession.

At that time, my aunt was a school-girl, about sixteen years old—lively and daring, and, I am inclined to believe, possessed a smattering of that sauciness which has been more fully developed in her neice. She had a face as large and as round as a pumpkin, brown as a berry, and cheeks that rivalled a peony. In her form, she was about five feet in height; three feet six inches in the circumference of her waist. Admirable admeasurement for a “wonderful winter squash,” but any thing but elegant for the form of a young lady.

Her want of personal beauty was a source of much regret and mortification to her; and, perchance, was the turning point which decided her to become literary. As she could not be pretty, it was indispensable that she should be something else, that would court notoriety.

And, by the way, I believe the gifted are not often the possessors of many personal charms. Dame Nature gives them the jewel, and, like the man in the play, puts it into the lead casket.

It was at a spelling school that Mr. Mason first saw Aunt Hatty, for his school was in a different part of the town.

But first tell me, did you ever go to a real country spelling school? That is the place for sport. A spelling school is much before a singing school; for every body cannot sing, but every body can spell, or miss the words, which is more amusing. I wish I could remember some of the brilliant efforts at *misspelling* words, which I have heard at a *real country spelling school*. Johnson, Walker, or Webster could never have imagined any thing half so natural, and at other times half so puzzling, as I have heard an urchin of ten years get off at a spelling school. As a specimen of what a boy can do, I once heard *uniform* spelt “*younefoarme*!” There was a lad, with a natural genius for difficult things—a true Yankee spirit of independence. In his manhood, I doubt not, he will master every thing that he undertakes, in some shape.

But, a spelling school. In the first place, it is much better to have it in an adjoining “district,” some two or three miles off. Then the larger boys will provide sleighs, (for it is a winter amusement, and a New England custom,) and as many as can will get in, well-knowing that, if there is a new and light snow, they are to be treated with a “turnover” before they return.

At the school, besides the visiting masters from other “districts,” there are usually some of the parents of the children present, and perhaps the minister, or one of the deacons. The school is called to order by the master; and the “captains” having been agreed upon, they proceed to the choice,



or, as it is called, "choosing sides." The first choice is decided by lot, and then alternately each selects, and names his choice. Some one of the visitors present is appointed by the master to keep the account of the words misspelled on either side; and, of course, the side which has the least marks against it, beats "the opposition." After having spent most of the evening in this manner—although short recesses are given, and new captains are chosen, and upon the tactics of the leader most of the success depends—the *best* spellers are secured fast as may be, and then *good* spellers and expert *whisperers* are stationed along amid the younger ones, or those not so good; not unfrequently the parents will take a part, and they are disposed in the rear, or rather at the foot of each class. But after most of the evening has been spent in this manner, the master gives them a trial of individual skill. Then they all stand up, and as fast as a word is "missed," (that is, spelt wrong,) the one who has committed the error, is required to take his seat, and the best speller gains the merit of "standing up the longest." The children are then *praised* for their proficiency and good conduct by the visitors; and if the minister, or some one qualified for prayer, is present, the master invites him to make one; and then the school is dismissed.

It was at such a scene as this, that Mr. Mason first saw Aunt Hatty. Among other things, to exhibit the proficiency of his scholars, her master shewed him the writing books. Mr. Mason was seen to retain one of them, and taking up a pen wrote a few lines in it. Not much notice was taken of the circumstance, save by the owner of the book, who was Hatty, and who well knew that there was more in her book than mere imitations of copies, and more than was intended for the eye of a stranger. He carelessly retained the book in his hand until after the school was dismissed, and then as carelessly handed it to her, saying,

"Miss Conroy, I find that your studies are not entirely confined to the sciences taught by Mr. Hamilton."

She blushed, but made no reply. The book was slipped under her cloak, and—but I never learned *who* saw her home that evening.

At any rate, I have the veritable leaf which was torn from her book after she returned home. At the top, in Aunt Hatty's writing, is an address

"TO JUPITER.

Great Jupiter! why was I born  
Without a fairer face and form?  
Why was not the rose bound to confess,  
It in my cheek a rival did possess?  
Why was not the lily bid to deck  
In its own hues, my face and neck?"

Underneath, in a more manly and finished hand, was—

"Sweet lady, thou art very fair—  
Thy excellence is in thy mind;  
Good-nature, truth, and wit so rare,  
All meet, and shine in thee combined.  
And, pray frown not at what I say,  
And think that here it is amiss—  
Thy tempting cheeks, like rosy May,  
I'd kneel to press with one love kiss.

JUPITER."

There was a gallant "country school-master" at any rate: why did they not have such ones a dozen years later? or even *now*? I'd go to school, and write a book all over with something "To Jupiter"—I would.

But either my aunt has less vanity than her niece, or a happier faculty of concealing it. But to understand the sequel, we must know that her location was very near the forty-fifth degree of north latitude; where, amidst the mountains, the "first of May" never makes its appearance, except in the almanacs, until about the twentieth of the month, and, consequently, May is any thing but "a rosy" month in reality. My aunt appears to have thought of this, for I find another address

"TO JUPITER.

O thou, who hast heard my plaint before,  
 Forgive my humble prayer once more—  
 My cheeks, alas, the gods *do* say,  
 Are like "the rosy month of May."  
 No roses then do deck the scene,  
 Save in small buds of brightest green;  
 And scarce a flow'et meets our view,  
 Save the white-thorn and violet blue.  
 But not to these will gods compare  
 My rosy cheeks, they deem so fair;  
 And *green*, though lovely in its place,  
 Would ill-become a lady's *face*!  
 And from thy throne high in the skies,  
 Didst thou not see my saucer eyes?  
 Whose beaming bright and dewy light  
 Is like to onions set in night.  
 And were my lips forgotten too,  
 In the schedule from which you drew?  
 Which, like the poppy's bursting head,  
 Just parts the green, and shows the red!  
 Yet, be it fairly understood,  
 This scarecrow form is still most good—  
 "Good! but for what?" the gods do cry—  
 "Good! but for what?" echoes the sky—  
 But frankly, let me them inform,  
 "T will keep the crows from pulling corn!"

Such were the first efforts of one, who has since been styled "an original genius." Would that the first efforts of Homer and Milton had been saved, that we might compare productions. But what! here is another paper in the same packet. It is a letter signed "Charles Mason," and dated some three or four years subsequent to the time he officiated in the capacity of "school-master." I know that their manufacture of rhymes was interrupted by the close of his school, and departure for a distant scene to finish his professional studies. And at the date of this letter, I am quite confident that my good aunt was more deeply interested with hopes of making a good housewife, than of ever becoming a literary lady. But let us read the letter.

"Miss Conroy: I beg you to pardon this gratuitous obtrusion. My only apology is, the imperious omnipotence of my own feelings, which tease me, until, harassed by their continual importunity, I determined to refer them to you. This, be their reception what it may, will at least give a respite.

Madam, I venture to indulge a hope, that you will appreciate the necessity of this unceremonious appeal to your own discretion, urged to it, as I was, by the impetuous rebellion of my feelings, and the miserable shifts of an anxious mind. Allow me the pleasure of learning, that you are not altogether displeased with the alternative which I have adopted: namely, of risking a trespass upon the sacred pinkbed of decorum, rather than ruthlessly



stifle my best feelings. I have seen you before this, and with a gaze met scintillations of those conquering orbs, and felt their thrilling power.

Another matter, by way of apology. I have a mind to paint a perfect model of female perfections, and want an original, coined from the porcelain of human clay, without one base alloy, spoiled by the caprice of a potter, or something else. Well, I know of such an original, but am in the predicament of the poet who lived not ten days ago. Such is the theme, the prototype. But the muse would cut the matter short—

For naught, she says, but close acquaintance,  
Can give success to art or fiction;  
So I must paint with morbid faintness,  
Till *you* remove the interdiction.

Do not resent this abrupt request, but give me a truce to suspense the first mail. And until you give me an answer to this, (if you do not wait too long,) I remain your humble admirer,

CHARLES MASON.

P. S. Is it improper to ask a lady's love, when she holds one's feelings in utter captivity? Is it a disgrace to be refused? No; but the most overwhelming misfortune. Do not subject me to this punishment, but allow me a correspondence, which I anxiously solicit as the other alternative. Give me a truce to suspense the first mail. Allow me this indulgence, and I will promise to win you. C. M."

There is a love letter in no everyday style. It is a gem among its fellows. No wonder its author has become "very distinguished." He probably prospered not in his suit, and exchanged love for fame. And how glad I am that Hatty is an old maid, for, undoubtedly, this precious relic would never have been preserved with such care, if the duties of a wife and mother had been her portion in life. From her temperament and peculiar turn of mind, I am quite sure she never answered it; and if she had desired to have given "a truce to his suspense," she must have felt her inability to have returned an equal number of large words, dainty expressions, and neatly coined compliments. He ought to have left for her use, some part of the dictionary and rhetoric. But "a truce" for the present. Before she sees this in print, perhaps I may be able to get something of the tale (if there were one) from her.

But her "first efforts" I have given you; and now, she is the talented author of——

What a blow! Aunt Hatty caught me with her sacred bag, and the contents spread in all directions. For once, her equanimity was sadly disturbed, and we thought we had an indistinct vision of a hand coming in contact with some of the developments of our "selfish propensities." The sudden start that we gave removed us from the direct line her hand was pursuing; and her progressive movement had commenced with such good will, that she could not stop the locomotive power *instantly*, and the effects of her effort fell upon the lamp. There it lies in its scattered fragments and spilled oil.

Good! The tremendous storm which this event shadows forth for this region, "on or about the first of October," I shall allay by lamp oil and powdered glass. Upon looking back, I perceive that I have not named the literary works of my aunt, more deserving notice. And if the printer does not make a *fac simile* of the great long mark, which our sudden move made across our paper, it will read, "author of what a blow!" Well, let it go so. *That*, most truly, was one of her most powerful "efforts," and has left a most indelible impression upon—the side of the house.

KATE.

## STORIES FROM THE LINN-SIDE.\* No. I.

## THE MINIATURE.

“Departed one! upon thy bier  
 No flowers of vain regret we strew;  
 But joy thou canst no longer, here,  
 Sorrow, and care, and anguish know:  
 Oh! not for thee should tears be shed,  
 To dim the pinion fair and bright,  
 Of the redeemed spirit, spread  
 Rejoicing for its upward flight.”

“WELL, I have found you, at last,” said Major Farland, as he was ushered into the little boudoir of his cousin Emma—a beautiful girl, over whose fair brow twenty summers had passed. “Here you are, sure enough, buried in old letters full of love, I suppose. Oh! and a miniature too! That must be one of your admirers, or you would not regard it with so much tenderness. Will you allow me to look at it?”

“Certainly,” said Emma; “though the original of that picture is not an admirer of mine, for I never had an admirer, unless you call yourself one, which of course you will not, as old bachelors are not inclined to admire any thing that is not strikingly handsome—at least, a bachelor such as you are, with a heart hardened as many times as Pharaoh’s. Yes, cousin Frederick, take it, and examine it well, for it is the face of one whom I tenderly loved.”

But what was his surprise to find it, not the likeness of a gentleman, but the enamelled painting of a young and beautiful girl in the attitude of prayer. She wore a black dress adorned with brilliants; her hair was in the Madonna style, and the face was a most attractive one, of a high intellectual order. He gazed at it long and steadily; and his thoughts went back to the days of his youth, when he had given a heart, unsullied by the world, to a being of surpassing beauty; but where was she now? He cast his eyes heavenward, and pressed his hand upon that heart, which was fluttering to be free, to join her that had entered the promised land before him.

“Oh, she is beautiful indeed,” were his impassioned words, as he looked again upon the picture. “But was she good as fair? for I have often heard it remarked, that beauty hides a multitude of faults. Will you trust me with her name? And if it would not be presuming upon your time and patience too much, I should like to hear her history.”

“Oh, with pleasure,” was the quick reply of Emma, “for I love to speak of her; and truly can I say, that she was as good as beautiful. Her name was LEONI RUDOLF. Her parents were from the land of the myrtle and orange. They were very wealthy, and Leoni was their only child. Fondly was she loved by those parents; and every thing that wealth could bestow, or affection suggest, was lavished upon their fair child. That she might be happy, was the beginning and end of their prayers; and it did seem for a time, that the recording angel had dipped his pen in a sunbeam, instead of the chalice of darkness, when her birth was registered in the book of life. But a storm was gathering to mar the sunshine of her future life. A malignant epidemic, in one short week, deprived her of father and mother. But that was only the beginning of sorrow. It was her misfortune to be beautiful and an heiress; and dearly did she pay for the unsolicited gifts she had received.

\* Linn—Scotch word for waterfall.



Before her father's death, he requested her to reside with a distant relation of her mother's, who was soon to be married. Gladly did she accept the invitation, which they affectionately extended to her as soon as they learned how sadly she had been bereaved; and it was their study to devise every little act of kindness that would draw her attention from the deep grief that was stealing the rose from her cheek, and the brilliancy from her eye; and surely their kindness did not pass unnoticed, for she would thank them, again and again, and try to appear interested in the plans they were arranging for years to come.

After the poignancy of her first grief was softened, and in a degree worn away, then came the admirers of her wealth and beauty. She had many suitors, and many offers, but she partook largely of the enthusiasm of her country, and none, as yet, realized her ideal image of what a husband should be; therefore, the offers of all were decidedly rejected. At length, there came one from a distant part of the country: his appearance was prepossessing; there was a blandness and a softness in his manners, which ever gains an interest in the heart of woman; he was reputed to be of noble descent, and of high moral character; he was deemed an eligible connection for the young heiress, and one every way worthy of so fair a bride. He became the admirer of Leoni, and in due time won a heart that a seraph only rivalled. It was no selfish love she gave: it was pure—it was holy. Knowing no guile herself, she dreamed not that a shadow of sin could lurk in the breast of one that was so dear to her. She had promised to be his, in weal and in wo.

Preparations were made for the wedding, and the guests were bidden, when, the day previous to the celebration of the marriage, he was arrested for mail robbery. It was by his ill-gotten gains, that he had made so imposing an appearance in the neighborhood where Leoni resided. He was tried and condemned to death, as the penalty of his crime. She went to bid him farewell. The voice of justice had condemned him; and she, that young and lovely creature, was the only being in the community who did not forsake him in the hour of gloom. He endeavored to palliate his guilt, and in so doing confessed that he had been addicted to the use of the accursed bowl. Under the influence of the poison, he had violated law and right; and the violated law of his country required his life as a bloody sacrifice. Would that some other mode of punishment might be deemed efficient for the protection of society, the powers of example, and the punishment of the guilty, than that of a public execution. And he was executed, not when night would have veiled the deed in kindred darkness, but in the broad glare of day—in a civilized, christian land, he was strangled by the instrument of the law—who, though vile, was so ashamed of his office as to conceal his hideous visage from the gaze of the multitude. But the wretched man died a penitent; and he said, a short time before the execution, that, had he sooner met with her, whose every act was overflowing with kindness, he should not have been the wretch he was now; and he felt that woman was capable of doing any thing in a good cause—that she could mould the actions of man into any form she wished by the law of kindness.

And Leoni thought she had not lived in vain, if, through her means, one soul had been led to the feet of Jesus. At their last meeting in that loathsome prison, he gave her a small pocket bible that his mother had presented to him on the eve of his departure from that dear spot, around which memory loves to linger with her thousand charms, with the injunction, that, in joy or sorrow, it should be a consolation and a guide. Dearly did the bereaved

one prize that parting gift; and on one of the blank leaves she inscribed the following lines:

"On the sunny hill of Spain, long may that mother grieve—  
He may not come again, at the flush of morn or eve:  
She knows not that a distant land  
Gave him a felon's death;  
That the land's stern law, and the hangman's hand  
Dealt with his parting breath."

Though she never mentioned her sorrows, all might see, that, like the dying dove, she folded her wings closely upon the wound, to hide the ravages it was daily making. She soon resumed her wonted calmness, for she had early learned to put her trust in God, but it was the calmness of decay. It was a long, long time, before the poor people, whom she had fed and clothed for many years, could believe that the beautiful Italian girl, as they always called her, was dying; and they would lower their voices when they spoke of her goodness and love to all. It often seemed as if an angel had wrapt the mantle of resignation about my early friend, she was so mild and sweet; but, as gold is tried and purified by fire, so was she by adversity—for, 'those whom God loveth, HE chasteneth.' Day by day, she saw the beautiful things of earth fading from her sight; but her words were now few, and the link which bound her to surrounding things, was broken, for her thoughts were with her heart, and that was buried in the grave of the departed, whom she had loved as once believing him gifted and worthy.

As Autumn deepened into Winter, her spirit fled from its tenement of clay. It had gone to join the angelic host, where all is pure.

But why say more? Though I love to dwell on her unstained and lovely memory, her tale is told, and thought becomes the only medium for reflection upon it."

"Her history is a sad one," said Frederick, as he arose to take leave; "nevertheless, it is one of instruction, for it is but another instance of the blessed assurance our Savior has given, that those who meekly bear the cross HE lays upon them, shall be rewarded; that HE will wipe away all tears from their eyes, and that death shall be swallowed up in victory."

"You are sad, cousin Frederick," said Emma, as she bade him good night, "and so am I; but the next time you can spare an evening from the camp to spend with me, I will relate to you a story that shall be all of sunshine." I ONE.

## LIFE.

LIFE—what is life? A scene of care—

A round of grief, of pain, and sorrow;

Its brightest, dearest hopes, but air,

Which gild a day, and burst the morrow.

Its splendid phantasy—a dream,

That wakes to disappointment's pain;

Its boasted joys—a poet's theme,

Which lives, and lives but in his brain. C. S.



## THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,  
A prison and a palace on each hand.—BYRON.

THERE 's a gladsome light in Nerissi's eyes  
As a light bark approaches the Bridge of Sighs ;  
But a moment more, and 't will stealthily lie  
On the waves which sleep 'neath her balcony :  
And though every bell in that city hath tolled  
The midnight hour, and the sea-breeze is cold,  
Yet neither the chill of the night, nor its fear,  
Can shorten the vigil she long hath kept here.  
But the innocent bear in their bosoms a charm  
Which will keep them from fears, and will shield them from harm,  
And o'er them have the spirits of Evil no power,  
Though, for others, they darken each lone watchful hour.  
And yet it would seem that a sob or a tear  
Were far more befitting fair Nerissi here,  
Than the smile which is spreading, e'en over her brow,  
And the low laugh of joyance, which bursts from her now.  
Ah ! little thinks she of the dark arched way  
Beneath whose black shadows the cold waters play ;  
And little she thinks of the moans which arise  
From the vaults, which can echo naught else but the sighs  
Of the victims of tyranny, wo, and despair,  
Whose fate has consigned them a living tomb there.\*  
Nerissi thinks not of the sounds which may float  
On the winds of the night, nor taketh she note  
Of aught, save a merry young *gondolier*,  
Who is taking her heart, and herself, in his care ;  
And who speaks of that bright and beautiful bay,  
Where the moon-beams, unbroken, on calm waters play ;  
And o'er those bright waves their light bark shall skim,  
Till morning shall part her from love, and from him.

Oh, when the young heart is so lightsome and glad,  
'T is not easy to think that aught else can be sad ;  
And, Nerissi, scarce can we warn thee, or chide,  
For self is forgotten, as aught else beside.  
And thinkest thou not that thy lover may prove  
Unworthy of thee, of thy trust, and thy love ?  
And that though in his heart no wrong there should be,  
Yet winds may arise, and may roughen that sea ;  
And neither his love, nor his skill, may avail  
To weather, with thee, the fierce storm and gale ;  
And thy bridal mantle and couch may be  
But the waves of that bright Venitian sea.

\* The Bridge of Sighs connected the Ducal Palace with the building, in whose dungeons those state prisoners were confined, whose offences were to be expiated by imprisonment for life.

But vain the attempt to throw the dark spell  
Of caution o'er her, for she loveth too well;  
And we'll leave her now to her own glad themes,  
And to revel with him in love's waking dreams.

But, Nerissi! even in *thee* have I seen  
What well may dispose me a moral to glean—  
This world—is it aught but a Bridge of Sighs?  
'Neath which the dark wave of humanity lies—  
And Time, like the night-wind, goes wailing along,  
For he beareth the murmur of sorrow and wrong.  
Oh! far, far away let us fearlessly flee,  
On the gloom-shadowed waves, to that broad and bright sea,  
Whose surface is bathed in a never dimmed light,  
Which may not be exchanged for the darkness of night.  
And Faith shall, to us, be the gondolier  
Who, with out-stretching arms, is awaiting us here—  
Let us fearlessly trust, and he'll bear us away,  
Forsaking us not till the dawn of that day  
Which never is followed by evening or night,  
And then, not till then, will he vanish from sight.  
And the incense of gratitude there shall arise,  
That far, far behind is the dark Bridge of Sighs.

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## THE PORTRAIT GALLERY.

### No. I.—POCAHONTAS.

I LOVE to be here, and muse amidst these lineaments of the departed; and to see how brightly these forms stand forth from the dim obscurity of the past, though here but by Memory and Imagination are they portrayed—yet they have done well; and where the one hath found the task too hard, the other hath been ever ready, with her magic brush, and brilliant lights, and never hath she wrought in vain.

Here are the good, the lovely, and the noble-hearted; those to whom life was ever as a gladsome dream, and those to whom it was a scene of sorrow. Here is the queen, and here the subject; here the saint, and here the savage; here the woman of olden time, and here the maiden of later days. Here are those of many different lands, and climes; the children of the long forgotten, and also of the recent, Past. It is good to be here; and I will sometimes lay aside all thoughts of the living, and the present, and come, as now, to hold communion with the dead. But when I speak, they answer me not—those rosy lips are never parted; those sparkling eyes can never vary in their glance; and I must commune with myself, and cherish every thought which may come to me amidst the stillness.

Here is a strange, and yet a fascinating scene; the portrait of one who was noble in birth, in mind, and in her destiny. There are but few of the royal in our new-found world; and thou, sweet daughter of Powhatan, shalt here precede all queens, and subjects of the East. How many characters



were once combined in thee ! The child of an emperor, and yet of a savage ; a heathen, and then a Christian ; the daughter of an Indian, the wife of a Briton ; the foster-mother of an infant nation, and yet how soon its captured victim ; the savior of one who could grieve, if not abandon thee ; Matoaka,\* Pocahontas, and Rebecca—how many wild associations are mingled with those names ; thoughts of man's dark deeds, and passions ; of woman's firmness, love, and trust ; of the lights and shades which play over that era in our country's story ; and of the romance which may be woven into the fate of a forest maiden.

Pocahontas is here delineated in the attitude which to us appears most interesting. Here is Powhatan's wigwam, and the chieftain is seated, in savage state, amidst his warriors, arrayed in belt, and mantle, and feathery crown. The light of the blazing pine flickers upon the roof, sides, and floor of the sylvan dwelling. Its dusky inmates preserve a stern, unbroken silence ; and every face is blank, but for the expression of strong, unwavering purpose. In the centre of the group is the block, and victim ; for the white man has bowed himself to die. But whose is this slight, childish form, which bursts upon the group, and lies itself, as a shield, to receive the destined blow. A murmur bursts from the compressed lips of each wild man, and there is a thrill throughout the stolid group. They could have seen the blow fall upon that devoted one, and watched his writhings in the agonies of death, and still have sat, as did that old assembly before their Gothic conquerors, and which could scarcely be distinguished from the statues which surrounded them.

But for this they are unprepared, and for this they must arouse, and act. To some of them the girl appears as have the phantoms which flitted by their path in stealthy midnight march, or when, at twilight, they had roamed through the depths of the thick forest. There was more of fear than hatred in their hearts when they decreed that that strange man should die. But does not the Great Spirit send guardian ones to shield him ? or has he not "*a medicine*," which can summon the supernatural to his aid ? or is that figure but the wreathing smoke, which curls in wild fantastic forms around them all.

These are the thoughts with which they quickly start, for soon they all know, as Powhatan knew at first, that it is his best loved child, the little Matoaka. They try to force, to coax her away, but with her arms twined round the stranger's neck, she tells them, that if a blow is dealt on him, it first shall cut through her. There is something strange, almost mysterious, in this. The chieftain's heart is touched—not solely by the tears and prayers of that young girl, but by the fear that harm will come upon himself, if wrong is done the pale-face. Has not the Great Spirit been whispering to his child ? Did not HE bid her thwart her father's will ? 'Tis very strange—but her petition's granted, and the emperor bids the white man live.

Such is the scene. It is Pocahontas, as she *first* appears upon the page of story ; and she starts upon the historian, much as her own red warriors were wont to burst upon our exiled fathers.

There is darkness, midnight, and storms. The records of history have been those of struggles, vexations, disappointments, privations, selfishness, and sometimes follies, and crimes. How beautifully does this young girl come, like a visitant from the ethereal world, in her innocence, trust, and self-forgetfulness ; but she does not, like a phantom, pass "in light away." From this moment she is the friend, guardian, and savior of that little stranger

\* Matoaka was her real Indian name ; Pocahontas, the name by which she was known to the whites.

band. It is through her instrumentality that they have land, food, friends, and—*peace*. She hears of treachery, and goes through “the deep-tangled wild wood,” alone, and in “the darksome night,” to tell them of their foes. She dares not take one token of gratitude or love, for fear that her father will see it, “and kill her.” He whose life has more than once been saved by her, would give her jewels in which she may shine among her fellow-maidens, but she can accept of nothing now.

There is nothing in the character of Pocahontas, which appeals for sympathy to the clannish instincts of our nature. She does not concentrate in her own heart the loves, hates, hopes, fears, joys, and sorrows, of her people. On the contrary, there is something like falsehood to her father, her kindred, and her race. But we love and esteem her the more for this. It was not that aught was wanting in her heart which dwelt in theirs, of social and domestic affection, or even of patriotism; but that she had that which they did not possess—innocence, which could suspect no evil; conscientiousness, which could permit no wrong; benevolence, which yearned to do good to the pilgrim and stranger; and disinterestedness, which could forget all thought of self in her exertions for the benefit of others. We never feel that her opposition to her father, and her race, was from lack of aught that is noble or kindly in our nature; and we wonder no more that she could never sympathize with her dark-browed kindred, than that the daughter of Shylock was false to him, and to her Hebrew faith. Pocahontas is separate from all her tribe, because there are none else pure, soullike, gentle, and affectionate like her. A lonely life must hers have been in early days, yearning for communion with those she could not find; sending forth the warm aspirations of her heart into the void around her, to be ever reminded that they are but wasted breath. How she struggled to love that which was not lovely; to mingle with that with which she had no affinity; to learn that of which no one could teach her; to worship where she could not believe. But when the white man came to her, as if from the Spirit Land, with his magic powers, his mysterious arts, his strange yet beauteous frame, for little could she know that his clothing was not the gift of Nature, and the huge winged monsters which bore him o’er the deep, there was a trembling hope that here might be arrested the vague aspirings of her heart. His deeds of prowess are the theme of every tongue; and when they come and tell her of his words—how that the stars are far-off suns, and the moon a shining world; how that the earth is round, and people dwell beneath their feet; how there are lands beyond the great waters, where the people are thick as leaves upon the trees, the hairs upon the head, the stars in the sky, and the sands upon the sea-shore, and “how the sun did chase the night around the earth”—there is a trembling hope that in these may be found companions who can satisfy her questioning spirit. Hitherto her life has been an isolated one—father, mother, friends, are all as though another race of beings—

“A lily in the wilderness, lifting its pure white brow

Amidst the weeds and thorns around, such, *Indian maid*, wert thou.”

But she is never aloof from them—she mingles in every scene of rude festivity, she wails when they send forth the funeral cry, she dances with her maidens in the moonlight, on the forest green, but she is not satisfied: when alone she is still and sorrowful. Nay, she never is alone—she stands by the waters, and they send forth their rough chorus; she sits upon the hill-side, and the winds chant their loud anthem; she lies down in the wild-wood shade, and the leaf-harps send forth a sweet music, unheard by other ears.



Nature is ever around her, and never mute ; but she speaketh with a strange tongue. The girl has been taught to worship *Okee*<sup>1</sup> but still her altar has ever been erected to an *Unknown God*. Pocahontas is no angel, but she is a gentle, sensitive, reflective being, where all are rude, gross, and sensual. She feels painfully that ignorance of those laws of Nature, and of our being, which is ever so oppressive to the meditative mind. And when she knows that another and nobler race of beings have come to live among them, how quickly comes the thought that of them she can learn, in these confide, and to these assimilate. The white men *were not what she had thought them*, but they *were* a superior race of beings. She was not mistaken there. They could teach her much which she fain would know ; they declare unto her the UNKNOWN GOD, and she could not then understand their selfishness, avarice, contempt of heathens, and the wrongs they meditated upon her race.

"Blessed are *always* the pure in heart"—and blessed was this heathen girl in the possession of a heart so open to all holy truth, so repellant of all of evil with which she found it mingled.

It was always difficult for the Indian to understand why the white man came upon his lands. He questioned of it as did the ancient Briton, when, the Roman came to his island home, and Pocahontas must have lent a credulous ear to the plausible reasons which they gave, for leaving splendor, comfort, home, and friends, to come among her benighted people. They would give these heathen a better religion, and how instinctively her spirit receives the Holy Word as truth. To her they are not colonists, but pilgrims ; not adventurers, but missionaries ; and they are dependent upon her favor. She watches around them as a spirit of the upper world might hover over us—beautiful, benign, and melancholy Pocahontas—lovely, virtuous dignified, and happy Rebecca.

Were a band of visitants to come to us, from another sphere, a race superior in mind, and far more beautiful in person than we, whose hearts would yearn towards them from quickest sympathy ? whose feelings would most readily respond to theirs ? and by whom would their wants and wishes first be met ? By the pure, the imaginative, the spiritually-minded. Those whose souls have oftenest wandered in the highest regions of the ideal. And those who would shrink, would quail, would turn indifferent away, would be the irreligious, heartless, and earthly-minded. These strange visitants might have powers of harm, and thoughts of wrong, but if they were different from ours, we should not, if innocent ourselves, be ready to suspect them of evil.

It was thus that, in both North and South America, those who were most prompt in their appreciation of the powers, and most ready to extend their sympathies to the white man, were superior to their fellows, as surely as they were afterwards the first to foresee, and the most strenuous in their efforts to prevent, the evil which impended o'er their people.

There is an interest almost sublime in contemplating the character and fate of these red-browed men, as connected with our pale-faced ancestors—these children of Nature, contrasted with the children of Civilization. When they came in little bands, "a feeble folk," without provision, shelter, or lands, they were welcomed, supported, and cherished, till fears were excited for their own safety, and preservation. Then came the deadly struggle—then stood they foe to foe—the one strong in civilized art and stratagem ; the other maddened by the sense of treachery, and outrage, and nerved by a sense of the justice of his cause.

It reminds one of the fable of the *woodman*, who took the chilled and help-

less serpent to his hearth and bosom, but to receive a strength which was to be exerted for his destruction. Even thus the Indian took into the bosom of his home a creature, which was to rise with fresh and mighty power, to coil round him its swelling folds, and thrust at him its hydra head; to crush, mangle, and destroy. It was a fearful struggle—the struggle of the Laocoon, most noble, though it was useless and fatal.

There is something, I repeat, most touching in the manner in which they depart. They find themselves powerless—utterly unable to cope with their enemies. To remain—to hover, ghostlike, over the remains of their kindred—to live in bondage, aye, in communication with their conquerors, is degradation, misery, and worse than death. But they must go—the pale-face shall not see them live—he shall not see them when they waste and die. Then comes the mournful question, “Can the bones of our fathers arise, and follow us into a strange land?” And when they go, the most sorrowful farewell is to these burial-grounds.

There is a Roman greatness in this—the greatness of the Cæsar who mantled his face that none might see when first it blanched, or when the last convulsions passed away. Perhaps there is something very favorable to the red man in the distance from which he must be viewed—his Spartan virtues, his wrongs, his fate, the beautifully figurative style in which his sentiments are uttered, his sense of his injuries, and indignation at his enemies—in all of this there is something wildly fascinating in the page of history. Whatever would to us be most repulsive—his domestic habits, his social economy—is seldom detailed there. Yet he can throw a thrilling interest sometimes even here. An Indian, seating himself upon the ground, has little in his position to command our respect; but how are our feelings changed when he says, “The Sun is my father—the Earth is my mother—I will recline upon her bosom.”

The departure of that dark race is like that of clouds, which pass away before the morning sun. As they rise and recede, the blackness lessens; they catch new glories from the orb at which they flee; they glow in purple, pink, and crimson; they are tinged with gold; and when they melt in the far horizon, they vanish in beauty.

And is it not a touching sight when some faint remnant of that cloud comes hovering backward, o’er the scene from which it rose? “I know,” says Campbell, the poet, “of no sight more touching than that of the Indian, who returns to break his bow-string over the graves of his fathers.”

But our portrait has been suggestive of other, though kindred pictures—and, Pocahontas, have we been true in what is here ascribed to thee? A historian says of her, “Our whole knowledge of her is confined to a few brilliant and striking incidents, yet there is in them so complete a consistency, that *reason*, as well as imagination, permits us to construct the whole character from these occasional manifestations.” Even in that first scene when she is introduced to us, there is a manifestation of her past as well as present character. How was it that she, a girl among a people where woman was despised—how became she the favorite of that mighty king? that savage Bonaparte—and a favorite possessing so great an influence? It must have been the magic of worth, intellect, and affection, working on that stern man’s heart, through her whole short life, which could obtain the boon he granted her. They did not trifle with Pocahontas—they did not promise the white man’s life, and thus seduce her away, that they might work his death with no more molestation. Powhatan treated her not as a child—but as a woman. Aye, there, and then, she was treated as a *man*.



And she never lessens in the esteem and love which she at first inspired. Her sincerity, firmness, and courage will always command the former; her gentleness, compassion, modesty, and strong affection will ever win the latter. Her devotion to Christianity, her strong affection for Capt. Smith, her love for John Rolfe, are claims upon our sympathies as Christians, and *Yengese*. But she was not false to her own race. They needed not her efforts, her charities—they were then the aggressors—the murderers. She left her father because she could not witness his cruelty and treachery towards that feeble band: and when she was taken, as their captive, her tears could only be restrained by the thought that thus she might again be serviceable to them.

That little spot, where the English first settled, will ever be hallowed by thoughts of her. The moss-roofed church, and grass-grown walls of that old fort, will be remembered long after "there shall not be left one stone upon another," as the place where *Rebecca* was baptized; where, with her husband, she drank from the fountain of life; and where her love, for him and his people, was hallowed by that piety which led her to choose his people for her people, his God for her God; to live, die, and be buried among his kindred.

The departure of Pocahontas for England was to her a most interesting event. That country was the *El Dorado*, which *Fancy* loved, yet almost failed to portray. How strange and magical must that old world have seemed to her; but strangest of all, most mysterious of all, that ties of love must there be sundered by courtly etiquette.

She must not call Capt. Smith her father here, because, forsooth, she is the child of a monarch, and he is but "a subject of that realm." The *Lady Rebecca* could understand the superiority of the English, she could perceive the resources and advantages of civilization, she must have painfully felt her ignorance of what they so much valued, but she could not understand their mere formalities; she could not perceive the advantages of Capt. Smith's cold bearing. He had thought him dead—she knew not otherwise until she met him, when she was "a stranger in a strange land," even as he had been in the home of her fathers. And here the man, whose life she saved, must meet her with a formal grace, and will not let her call him "*father*." "You were not afraid," said she to him, "to come into my country, and strike fear into every one but me, but here you are afraid to let me call you *father*—but I tell you that I will call you *father*, and you shall call me *child*; and so I will be your countryman for ever and ever."

The man who had gained the affections of women of many lands, of the Russian, the Turk, and the French, had a strong hold upon the heart of the poor Indian. Her feelings must have been deeply wounded, and Capt. Smith did not repay her disinterested love as it should have been returned.

True, he wrote a letter to Queen Anne, commending to her notice and charity this lovely daughter of the forest. But, even in this, the selfishness and avarice of the white man is depicted. He speaks, it is true, of "this tender virgin, whose compassionate, pitiful hand had oft appeased their jars, and supplied their wants." Of her rejection of heathenism, "being the first Christian of that nation, the first Virginian that ever spoke English, or had a child in marriage with an Englishman; a matter worthy of a prince's understanding." He also speaks of her exceeding desert—her birth, virtue, and simplicity, and of "her great spirit, *however her stature*."

But this is not why he particularly recommends her to the notice of the queen. It is because, by a right conduct, "this kingdom may have a kingdom, by her means;" whereas, by a contrary course, "her present love might

be turned to scorn and fury, and divert all this good to the worst of evil; but if she should find so great a queen do her more honor than she could imagine, it would so ravish her with content as to effect that which her majesty and her subjects most earnestly desire."

And this was the reward of the generous, *unselfish*, heroic exertions of Pocahontas.

But in the midst of these *disinterested* attentions, the Lady Rebecca died—died as she was about to return to the land of her fathers; to exchange the wearisome formalities of courtly life for the unrestrained enjoyment of a humble home; as she was hoping to look upon her father's face once more, and to lay before the aged man the child of his beloved Rebecca.

Perhaps it was well that she died then; that she never lived to see the ascendancy of the white man in that western home; that she never saw the kindred of her husband ruling where once her father held sole sway. There must have been struggles, heart-aches, and self-questionings which would, at least, have marred her happiness.

In that island, far over the great waters, where lie entombed so many of the good, the brave, and royal, rest also the remains of the first, and, as yet, the last, distinguished princess of America. ELLA.

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### THE LABORER'S REMONSTRANCE.

"GIVE me justice, and keep your charity at home," said Jonathan, to one of the non-producers, who spend the night in devising means to grow rich upon the earnings of those who toil early and late, and the day, in executing those plans. "Give me justice—*compensate* me, adequately to my toil, and I shall have wherewith to supply my wants."

"Refuse not the proffered alms," said a worthy father in Israel; "but think of your suffering family. Remember that an over-ruling Providence has brought about your present afflictions; and that an all-wise God has kindly ordained that the rich should assist the poor, when the day of trouble comes."

"You will never make *me* believe," said Jonathan, "that my present abject condition was brought about by the interposition of an over-ruling Providence, till I have the folly to believe that God foreordained that the produce of my toil should add more to the interest of an idle drone, than to my own."

"Have confidence in your Maker, and murmur not against His wise dispensations," said the good father, "but be reconciled to your fate."

"If you would inspire me with confidence," said Jonathan, "do not bring a reproach upon true religion, by sanctioning oppression, or even intimate that I should receive as a favor, that which ought to be demanded as a right. If you would reconcile me to my fate, consider the cause of the poor, and point out a remedy for the evils which they suffer. Look to the laws of society—look to the laws of the Statute Book; and if they not coincide with the laws of eternal justice, revise and correct them. See that the cries of the laborer ascend not into the ears of the LORD OF SABAOth, on account of oppression. But let the peans of gratitude and praise ascend, because oppression hath ceased; and those who have hitherto lived, and grown fat on the life-blood of their brethren, share their burdens." C.



## THE RIVER.

GENTLY flowed a river bright  
 On its path of liquid light.  
 Not like some rude torrent's course,  
 Onward with impetuous force  
 O'er its rocky pavement speeding—  
 Passing beauties never heeding—  
 But its noiseless way pursued  
 Where the waving forests stood ;  
 Gleaming now soft banks between ;  
 Winding now through valleys green ;  
 Cheering with its presence mild,  
 Cultured fields and woodlands wild.  
 Now and then its course was hid,  
 As it lightly onward sped,  
 For the willow trees which flourished,  
 By its kindly waters nourished,  
 O'er it their long branches threw,  
 Oft concealing it from view.  
 But I knew it wandered there,  
 For the flow'rets fresher were ;  
 And the herbage, rich and green,  
 On its swelling marge was seen ;  
 And the tall grass on its brink  
 Lowly bent, as if to drink  
 From some naiad's crystal urn,  
 While soft whispers, in return,  
 Thro' the blades low murmuring went,  
 By the zephyr minstrel sent.  
 Sheltered 't was from mortal sight ;  
 But the day-god, dazzling bright,  
 And the stars in evening's sky,  
 And the moon's calm majesty,

Looking from their home in air,  
 Saw themselves reflected there ;  
 That mild stream loved *heaven's* rays,  
 Though it shrank from earthly gaze.  
 Is not such a pure one's life ?  
 Ever shunning pride and strife—  
 Never babbling her own praise—  
 Passing happy, peaceful days,  
 Noiselessly along she goes,  
 Known by kindly deeds she does—  
 Often wandering far to bless,  
 And do others kindnesses.  
 Though *herself* is seldom seen,  
 Yet we know where she hath been,  
 By the joy her presence gives—  
 By the peace her footstep leaves—  
 By crushed hearts she bids revive—  
 Withered hopes again that live, [fair,  
 Earth's young flowers that bloom more  
 Nurtured by her gentle care.

Thus, by her own virtues shaded,  
 And by glory's presence aided,  
 While pure thoughts, like starbeams, lie  
 Mirrored in her heart and eye,  
 She, content to be unknown,  
 All serenely moveth on,  
 Till, released from time's commotion,  
 Self is lost in love's wide ocean.

L. L.

## ORIGINALITY.

SOME persons cannot be persuaded to put an idea of their own on paper, because, they say, they can write nothing original. Originality of thought they understand to mean, such as no human mind ever before conceived, and such they utterly despair of producing, for, say they, "let me select what theme I will, I always find that some talented person has written on the same subject, and with such beauty and finish, as, in the comparison, would fill me with shame for my own meagre attempt. But are they not unjust to themselves in regard to their claims to originality ? If a train of thought has its origin in their minds, does it not belong to them as really as if no other mind had conceived it ? For instance, an individual, by carefully observing

the emotions of his own spirit, comes to the conclusion that its large unsatisfied desires are an evidence of its immortality. He afterwards finds that Young has expressed the same thoughts; but may he not as justly claim them for his own as Young? As for clothing them in elegant language, though very desirable, it is of minor importance.

Is there not a pleasure in thinking for ourselves—in following out by the unassisted powers of our own minds, the relations of things, and discovering that single truths, which, of themselves, had filled us with delighted wonder, are but parts of bright constellations of truths? And shall we despise the results of our own labors because some other mind has accomplished greater achievements of the same kind? May we not, rather, presume to greet as kindred souls, those into whose trains of thinking we so naturally fall? And, though now so much our superiors, may we not hope that they will have no cause to disdain the claim when mind shall be fully developed?

If we are not each to think for ourselves, why has each individual mind the powers of reasoning, comparing and deciding on any subject which is presented to it? Is not the possession of these powers an evidence that we are not to rest entirely upon the labors of other minds? If so, is not original thinking a duty? And if this duty was performed, *how very easy it would be to write originally.*

But originality of thought is not confined to sober truth. There are flights of imagination, which, though not so beneficial as the contemplation of truth, may with propriety be indulged. And as in fancy's unlimited domain there are no beaten tracks of causes and effects, and as she is continually multiplying her strange creations, there is always the probability of finding there, something not only original, but new. In this she may boast of an advantage over truth—for truth is *never* new. It may be discovered, but never created. But, let truth or fancy guide us in this wonderful world with these wonder-working minds, there is no fear that we shall exhaust the treasury of thought.

E. A. L.

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### THE OLD-FASHIONED COLLAR.

MANY weeks have elapsed since Augusta Herbert bade her wedding party, which comprised all the married people in the town.

The *elite* of the place were already assembled, when Mrs. Lane was announced.

Upon a sofa, in an opposite part of the room, sat Mrs. Blake, surrounded by a clique of her *particular* friends.

She was the wife of one of the wealthiest merchants in the city, and, unfortunately, dress was the shrine before which she bowed, and the standard by which she measured all others.

On seeing Mrs. Lane enter, she exclaimed, in an under tone, accompanied by a scornful curl of the lip,

"Do see how shabbily Mrs. Lane is dressed. Positively, I should be ashamed to appear in respectable company so meanly clad. There is her collar—I should think it was cut in the year one; and see the work—how antiquated! Why, she is a perfect fright!"

"That she is," replied Mrs. Bartlet; "but I am certain that she will get tired of intruding herself into company, for *I* am determined not to associate with her."



"So am I," "So am I," was echoed by some half-dozen voices, in a suppressed tone.

Meanwhile the object of their ridicule, all unconscious of the effect produced by her old-fashioned collar, had a kind word and a smile for every one. With her the moments fled on golden wings, bearing with them the fragrance of intelligence, and true Christian kindness.

Once during the evening, Mrs. Lane endeavored to draw Mrs. Blake into conversation, by making some casual remark on a volume of poems, recently published. But just at that moment, the latter recollected a magnificent pattern for a ball-dress, which she described to an equally interested auditor, the other side of her. And Mrs. Lane passed on, thinking that, probably, Mrs. Blake had not read the poems, and would not like to say any thing upon the subject. At length the hour for separation arrived, and the lady of "the old-fashioned collar" wished the bride abundant prosperity, and bade the company good-night. \* \* \* \*

It was a cold, stormy evening, and the wind howled fitfully amongst the wilderness of houses. But no one of that brilliant assemblage returned to a desolate hearth. The present, alas! is no guarantee for the future, for scarce had Mrs. Lane closed her eyes in sleep, ere she was roused by the fearful cry of, "Fire!" "Fire!" Strangely, peal after peal, from the fire-bell, mingled with the wild war of Nature that raged around.

The engines were brought, but the extreme cold prevented their use. And every effort of the firemen, to extinguish the flames, proved equally unavailing. Soon, the noble edifice, which was Esq. Blake's dwelling and store, was wrapt in one broad sheet of flame. With difficulty Mrs. Blake wrapt her two babes in thick mantles, and escaped from the devouring element. An hour passed, and all that remained to that proud and aristocratic family, was the clothing in which they escaped.

Prompted by the native goodness of her heart, Mrs. Lane sent a messenger to seek the sufferers, and invite them to her house. And in the interim she employed herself in preparations for their reception. Kindness performed its perfect work. And when Mrs. Blake arrived, she confessed her fault, and with tearful eyes besought Mrs. Lane to grant her the aid of her friendship and counsel, in forming a more correct estimate of persons and things. From this time, the two ladies were inseparable friends. \* \* \*

At the close of the next year, Esq. Blake had succeeded in establishing himself in business. His wife was still known as the accomplished, and, *also*, as the amiable and kind-hearted Christian. ORIANNA.

## EDITORIAL.

ADDRESS TO OUR PATRONS. In seating ourselves, for the first time, in the *chair editorial*, we are painfully aware of the awkwardness of our situation.

We feel no disposition to inflict upon our readers, what the Indian would call, a "big talk;" and, if we had not much to say, would shorten our "salutatory" to very diminutive proportions. But there is much which we would here advance in behalf of the work which we edit, and those for whose sake we have consented to perform this unwonted task.

We feel that there should be, in the long list of periodicals, one of this character; that though, compared with them, it may appear trifling and unworthy, yet there is a mission for it to perform, which can be done by no other; that, in claiming the patronage of the community, we interfere with the rights and pretensions of no one else;

and that, to us the helping hand should be promptly extended, for our way is not "meted out, and trodden down," but a new and unbroken path.

What the object is, which we would fain accomplish, need not be particularly specified. All our readers are aware of the prejudice, which has long existed, against the manufacturing females of New England—a prejudice which, in this country, should never have been harbored against any division of the laboring population, and that many circumstances, and the exertions of many different classes of individuals, had contributed to strengthen this prejudice. We were not surprised that, when *THE OFFERING* first appeared, so many were astonished; but we were surprised that so many should, for so long a time, withhold from it their confidence. In spite of these, however, *THE OFFERING* has done much good. The involuntary blush does not so often tinge the faces of our operatives, when mingling with strangers, as when they claimed no place amid the worthy, and the educated.

But there may be those who object that the writers, for this little magazine, are the exceptions to the general rule; that they comprise but a very small proportion of the females now employed in Lowell; that the majority of them could not appear to any advantage before the public, &c. &c. All this is readily admitted; but we would also respectfully assert that the literati of our Literary Emporium comprises but a small proportion of its inhabitants; that the literati of our country is but a feeble minority of the dwellers therein; that the literati, who shed an unfading halo around the age of Elizabeth of England, were but a handful of men, amidst the crowd who owned her sway; that the undying literati, of the ancient world, were very few compared with the generations in which they have come and gone. Men have been judged by the individuals who come forward in their ranks; and the literary merit of every nation, era, or class of people, has usually depended much more upon the *merit* than the *number* of its writers; and we think it far preferable that our magazine, like almost all others, should be composed of the efforts of the better contributors among us, than that it should exhibit a specimen of the powers of every girl who has learned to write a composition. This is but justice to our subscribers, to whom we would render an equivalent, of some intrinsic value, for that which they bestow upon us.

But we fear that some will imagine, from what we have now advanced, that we have a very excellent opinion of ourselves. Far from it. We only think ourselves better than many have been willing to allow, and this might be the case without cherishing a spark of vanity. We waive entirely all considerations of literary excellence, in our appeal to public patronage, for it is not upon these that our strongest claims are founded. But we will endeavor to deserve the kindness of our patrons, and will shew our sense of it by exertions to please, if not to edify and instruct.

And may we not hope that many, who have hitherto withheld their support, will now come forward in our behalf. *THE OFFERING* may this year be considered almost as much an experiment as at first. This is the third trial, and if unsuccessful, we must even submit, with as much of republican grace as we can assume, to the will of the majority. Our subscribers may at least depend upon our honesty, and we will here assert, what we shall never trouble ourselves to repeat, that *the articles shall all be the contributions of females actively employed in the mills*; and our contributors may rest assured that their effusions shall never be submitted to the inspection of any but the Editress, and that all who wish may write anonymously.

We commend our work to the favor of the factory operatives of New England. We should prefer to receive our principal support from them; and are particularly anxious to find favor in their sight. We appeal also for aid to all the bachelors, young and old; and feel that we have peculiar claims upon their gallantry. Many of them have hitherto supported us, and we hope that they will accept our thanks for their chivalric generosity. We trust that we shall also meet with friends, and well-wishers, among the substantial yeomanry of our country—those who are the fathers, brothers, kindred, and lovers, of the factory girls of New England.

Our last appeal is to those who should support us, if for no other reason but their interest in "the cultivation of humanity," and the maintenance of true democracy. There is little but this of which we, as a people, can be proud. Other nations can look upon the relics of a glory which has come and gone—upon their magnificent ruins—upon worn-out institutions, not only tolerated, but hallowed because they are old—upon the splendors of costly pageant—upon the tokens of a wealth, which has increased for ages—but we cannot take pride in these. We have other and better things. Let us look upon our Lyceums, our Common Schools, our Mechanics' Literary Associations, the Periodical of our Laboring Females; upon all that is indigent to our Republic, and say, with the spirit of the Roman Cornelia, "*These, these are our jewels.*"

H. F.